

# CAMPFIRE TALES.

## The Other Side.

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,  
I wondered much what sight would greet

My eager gaze where'er my feet  
Upon the topmost height would rest.  
The other side was all unknown;  
But, as I slowly toiled along,  
Sweeter to me than any song,  
My dreams of visions to be shown.

Meanwhile the mountain shrubs dis-  
tilled

Their sweetness all along my way,  
And the delicious summer day  
My heart with rapture overflowed,  
At length the topmost height was gained;  
The other side was full in view;  
My dreams—not one of them was true.  
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand  
There stretched a valley broad and fair.

With greenness flashing everywhere—  
A pleasant, smiling, homelike land,  
Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill  
prove

Upon that mountain top of death,  
Where we shall draw diviner breath,  
And see the long lost friends we love?

It may not be as we have dreamed,  
Not half so awful, strange and grand;  
A quiet, peaceful, homelike land,  
Better than in our visions gleamed,  
But now along our upward way  
What beauties lurk, what splendors  
glow!

Whatever shall be, this we know  
Is better than our lips can say.  
—John White Chadwick.

## Why He Disliked "Dixie."

A distinguished retired general of the regular army, whose civil war service was brilliant, was seated on the lawn in front of his Rhode Island avenue home at Washington the other evening, says the New York Sun, in conversation with a crony, when an Italian with a street piano stopped in front of the house. It was a well-tuned street piano of the better sort, and the old general enjoyed the music so much that when, at the wind-up of the second tune, the Italian entered the yard, smirking and holding out his hat, the veteran officer tossed him a quarter.

The Italian went back to the tune machine and began to grind out "Dixie."

Before half of the first measure of "Dixie" had been played the retired general rose from his bench, and, without a word to his crony, walked into his house, through the hall and to the backyard.

He did not return to the bench seat beside his friend until the street piano man had gone away down the avenue, out of hearing. He didn't make any explanation when he resumed his lawn seat, either. But his crony was curious.

"Old man," he said to the retired general, "I never knew before that you were narrow and prejudiced. There's none of the old soreness left in you, is there, that you run away from 'Dixie?' Don't you know that 'Dixie' is tumultuously applauded by all hands nowadays when it's played by theater orchestras in New York, and even in Boston?"

"That's all right," calmly replied the old officer, "I'm neither prejudiced nor narrow—nobody less so. But I got the worst of the 'Dixie' tune a little matter of forty and odd years ago, so that I've never been able to listen to 'Dixie' since without becoming sort of restless.

"When Gen. Kilpatrick was operating down around Macon, tearing up railroads and such like, I was with him. I had charge of destroying the tracks.

"The Johnnies were in front of us, in plain sight, but they didn't bother us any. They contented themselves with falling back as we progressed with the pulling up of the rails and ties.

"They merely watched us across the clearings and through the trees, and never even popped at us. They probably figured that it would be no use, seeing how greatly we outnumbered them.

"One morning Gen. Kilpatrick sent for me to learn how I was making

out with the destruction of the railroad. He wanted the work pushed faster.

"I'll tell you what you do," Gen. Kilpatrick said to me. "The boys always work faster and with a better will when there's music around. You take one of the mounted bands down to where the gang's working and give 'em some music. That'll chirk them up and we can get this job done sooner.

"So I took a mounted band to the point which we had reached in the tearing up of the railroad, and told the leader to go ahead and pump some of the patriotic airs.

"The music had the effect Gen. Kilpatrick had predicted. The boys did twice as much work under the inspiring strains of 'Hail, Columbia,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'My Country,' and so on, and the Johnnies in front of us had to fall back a good deal more rapidly than they had before the enthusiasm of the boys had been kindled by the band music.

"When the band had run out of patriotic airs the leader approached me and asked for suggestions as to what the musicians should play then.

"Well," I said to the leader, "those poor devils of rebs in front of us have behaved pretty well. They haven't even turned their sharpshooters loose upon us. They ought to be rewarded. Suppose you just give them 'Dixie' for good luck?"

At this point in his narrative the old retired general paused for a minute or so, and looked thoughtful.

"Well?" said his crony.

"Well," went on the veteran, "the band hadn't wrung out more than six bars of that 'Dixie' tune before our ears were numbed by the confoundest rebel yell you ever listened to in all your born days, and inside of two minutes those Johnnies in front were on top of us and trouncing hell out of us."

## Sutler Was Wily.

"I am all the time wondering," said the sergeant, "if the Japanese and Russian soldiers, in their strenuous campaigns have any time for frolic and fun. If not I don't see how they can stand the wear and tear. In the old army we had our forced marches, skirmishes and battles, but we had a good deal of spare time for what the commanding general called deviltry, including raids on sutler's supplies and a good deal of horse play generally.

"We could tell when a general advance was impending by the willingness of sutlers to dispose of certain supplies at bargain counter figures. Just before the advance on Atlanta a sutler had established himself in one of the gaps to the east of Chattanooga, and being well to the front, did a land office business. One day early in May I noticed he was very nervous and kept his eyes on some kegs of beer stored in the rear of his tent. I told the boys and they organized a raid to relieve the sutler's nervousness.

"They surrounded the sutler's tent that night, but, much to their surprise, they found the sutler awake and very anxious. They told him they came for the beer, which he was not allowed to sell to enlisted men, and again they were surprised when the sutler said that if they insisted on having the beer at five cents a glass, he would have to let them have it, as he was not strong enough to resist. The boys were startled, but firm. Word was passed to the camps in the rear, and that night the sutler sold all his beer, and a good many other things.

"The boys were in great glee over having intimidated the sutler. But when a forward movement was ordered next morning they realized that they had been bamboozled, as it were, and that the sutler, by selling his beer at a reasonable rate, had sold out to the beer drinkers the most of his stock or lered to the rear. They said nothing but, in the course of the day, the sutler's wagon was overturned and the mules could not be found. He didn't get away from the gap until the soldiers had marched to the front.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Little Prisoners.

When mother's gone away to work, us kids is just as good—  
We never do a single thing 'cept what she said we could.  
She gives us all a good-by kiss, an' locks the door up tight,  
So's to be sure to find us here when she gets home at night.  
She leaves the key with Mrs. Brown, who lives next house but one,  
An' if there'd ever be a fire, why, Mrs. Brown would run  
An' let us out, for mother's work is 'most a mile away;  
We know, 'cause once she took us, but they wouldn't let us stay.

We see the school kids goin' by, an' then we know it's noon  
An' time to eat our dinner, which is always ready soon,  
'Cause bread and cheese is all we have; an' then we play around,  
Or little brother goes to sleep an' we don't make a sound.  
We watch the funny postman, an' the wagons rollin' past;  
The streets get dark, the lights come out, an' pretty soon, at last,  
Somebody taps the windowpane, the doorknob turns—an' then  
You'd ought to hear us shoutin', 'cause it's mother home again.  
—Newark News.

## A Dovecote for Your Lawn.

If any of you boys or girls are thinking of putting up a dovecote or bird-house out on the lawn so as to attract the birds to your place, here is a beautiful model for you to copy.

If your father happens to have a tree on the grounds that he does not wish to keep alive, it will be just the thing for your purpose. Saw it off about ten feet from the ground, or as much lower as will leave a clean, straight trunk. (A pole set in the ground will serve the same purpose, but will not look quite so well at first.)

If you can, at the top of the trunk leave three or four portions of branches, sawed off clean and level at the ends. (If you can't, then nail three or four wooden supports to the top of the trunk.)

A platform thirty-six inches square should be nailed on top of the supports.

Then on top of this platform set up a house with inclined sides. Measurements: 24 inches square at bottom,



20 inches square at top, and 40 inches high (42 inches if measured along the inclined edge.)

Cut five windows in each side, and underneath the upper tiers of windows faster, little shelves for the birds to perch on.

On top of the house set up a tall attic roof, with the ridge lines a little curved instead of straight. (This makes the effect more graceful.) Leave the eaves sufficiently wide to protect the birds from the rain.

## Pindertoy.

The pindertoy is a very simple and amusing toy, which can be made in two minutes. Cut out the pieces, and with one pin fasten all together. The



head piece belongs in front. If you have a cork to pin it on the result will please you.

## The Disunited States.

A guessing contest which seems easy to most girls and boys when they hear of it, but proves more difficult than they supposed, is the Disunited States.

Make an outline, nothing more, of each state in the Union. These must be drawn on separate cards or pieces of paper and be exactly like the outlines on the map. Have each card numbered and its number placed opposite the name of the state on a separate piece of paper, which is not shown until the contest is over.

You will be surprised at the mistakes made, for even those who have studied geography for years find it difficult to decide which state the outline stands for when it is all alone.

Each player writes his name on a slip of paper bearing the number he ventures to guess. The one who has the most correct answers should receive a prize. This is a simple game, but it affords amusement to school boys and girls and to older people, having left school before many of the new states were added to the Union, find it no easy task to guess the state by a mere outline.

Sometimes a river or a mountain sketched through the state in its proper place will give the guessers a better chance, but even then many funny blunders are sure to be made.

## Soap Bubble Fountain.

A fountain that spouts soap bubbles is one of the novelties shown in the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair. It is about 25 feet high, and is surmounted by a statue of a fairy. Millions of soap bubbles pour out from the top basin, over the sides and into a larger and lower basin which, in turn, fills and overflows, the bubbles being carried off at the bottom.

The effect is much more brilliant than a water fountain, for each of the tiny bubbles reflects all colors of the rainbow. To add to the brilliancy, electric lights are concealed in the lower parts of the two basins, throwing beams of light of all colors up through the bubbles and producing an electric fountain whose effects is magnified by every one of the globes of water.

The bubbles are produced by specially built machines which agitate the soap in clear water and under pressure force it up to the top of the fountain.